

SOBOLINK.

Delicious, dainty, buttercup,
Red top, treble, meadow sweet,
Ecstatic wing, soaring up,
Then gliding down to grassy seat.
Bumble, laughter, mad desires,
May day, June day, lucid skies,
All reckless things that love inspires,
The gladdest bird that sings and flies.
Meadows, orchards, bending sprays,
Rushes, lilies, billowy wheat,
Song and frolic fill his days,
A feathered rondo all complete.
Pink bloom, gold bloom, festoons white,
Jewels, raindrops, cooling shade,
Bubbling throat, and hovering flight
And jubilent heart as a's was made.
—John Burroughs in McClure's Magazine.

DAPPLE'S MISTRESS

A Story of the Civil War.

"Stop, Dapple. We must look to this."

The scene was a green stretch of summer lawn in front of a fine old Virginia farmhouse; the speaker a slight, bright faced girl, gracefully mounted on a small, gray pony.

The sun was dropping out of sight behind the green hills, and far away down the silver bend of the Accokeek came the tramp of retreating troops, with now and then the muffled roll of a drum or the shrill bray of a bugle.

Old Virginia, the queen mother of the sunny south, was overrun with soldiers, devastated by fire and sword, shaken to her very foundations by the thunders of the civil war.

Colonel Moreton was far away from his pleasant home in the front ranks of death and danger; but Irene, his only child, still braved the terrors of invasion and remained at the farmhouse with her invalid mother and a few faithful old servants.

Cantering across the grounds an hour after the retreat of the invading troops, something attracted the young lady's notice—a prostrate figure under the shade of the great cottonwood tree.

"Stop, Dapple. We must look to this."

Dapple stopped, and Miss Irene leaped lightly from her saddle, and, throwing the silken reins over the pony's neck, she went tripping across the grounds to the spot where the figure lay.

It was a tall, soldierly figure, clad in army blue, with a pale, worn face and an abundance of curling chestnut hair.

Colonel Moreton's daughter looked down upon the senseless soldier with all her woman's divine compassion stirring within her bosom.

"Poor fellow!" she murmured, laying her soft hand upon his brow. "I wish I could help him."

The soft voice and the softer touch called back the veteran's wandering senses. He opened his eyes and looked up in the young lady's face. Great, luminous, handsome eyes they were, that somehow reminded Irene of her brother Tom's eyes, and Tom was down in the trenches in front of Richmond. The compassion in her heart stirred afresh. She smoothed back the tangled curls from the soldier's brow.

"My poor fellow!" she said. "Can I do anything for you?"

He struggled up to his elbow, with a stifled groan.

"My horse threw me," he explained, "and they left me behind. I think I must have fainted from the pain. I thank you very much, but I can't see how you can help me. I suppose I must lie here till they take me prisoner, and I'd almost as soon be shot."

Irene smiled—a smile that lighted her dark, bright face into positive beauty. "I am in the enemy's country," she said, "but if you will trust me I think I can help you, at least I will see that you are refreshed and made comfortable."

She put her hand to her bosom, and drawing forth a tiny whistle she put it to her lips and blew a sharp little blast.

Dapple pricked up his gray ears and came cantering to her side, followed instantly by a colored manservant.

"You see," smiled Miss Irene, flashing a beaming glance on the soldier, "I hold my reserve forces at a moment's warning. Here, James, help this gentleman to the house and then ride for Dr. Welter to dress his limb."

James obeyed without a word, and by the time the sun was fairly out of sight the Union soldier, refreshed and made comfortable, lay asleep in the best chamber of the pleasant old southern mansion.

Meanwhile, on the long veranda, Irene kept watch, her slight, willowy figure wrapped in a scarlet mantle, her fussy, raven tresses floating on the winds.

By and by, as the midnight stars came out and glittered overhead, above the dreamy flow of the river, above the murmur and rustle of the forest leaves, arose the clash and clang, the roar and tramp, of advancing troops.

Irene's dark face flushed and her lustrous eyes dilated. She crossed the veranda with a swift step and tapped lightly at the door of her guest's chamber.

"They are coming," she whispered. "They will take you prisoner if you remain. You must go."

The soldier started to his feet and made his way out, but he reeled against the doorpost, faint and gasping for breath.

"I can't walk!" he cried. "There's no hope of escape!"

But Irene held out her lithe, young arm.

"Yes, there is," she said cheerfully. "Lean on me. I can help you down, and you shall ride Dapple. He knows the river road, and you will overtake

your comrades by dawn. Hurry, there is no time to lose!"

The soldier leaned upon the brave, helpful young arm and succeeded in reaching the lawn below.

"Dapple," the young girl called in her clear, silver notes, "come here!" In a breath Dapple was at her side. The girl stood and looked at the gentle creature and then threw her arms around his neck.

"Oh, Dapple, pretty Dapple," she sobbed, "it breaks my heart to part from you! Goodby, Dapple!"

In the next breath she stood erect, her eyes flashing through a mist of tears.

"Come, sir," she said, "allow me to help you to mount. Dapple, take this gentleman down the river road and at your utmost speed."

Dapple uttered a sagacious whinny, but the soldier hesitated.

"Why don't you mount, sir?" cried the girl impatiently. "Will you remain here and ruin both yourself and me?" He vaulted into the saddle without a word.

"Away, Dapple, like the wind!" cried Irene, and the little mountain pony shot off like an arrow.

The war was over, and once more over the blasted and desolate homes of Virginia peace and freedom reigned.

Captain Rutherford made it his business to go back to the Potomac hills and to Colonel Moreton's farmhouse the moment he was discharged from service. But where the stately old homestead stood he found nothing but a mass of ruins, and of Dapple's mistress not the slightest tidings could be obtained.

Three years went by, and the ex-captain found himself the wealthy heir of an old uncle and took himself off on a tour amid the Swiss mountains. Dapple went with him, as he always did since that eventful night when the brave little pony bore him safely beyond reach of the enemy. He had been the captain's inseparable companion in all his wanderings. He was with him now, ambling over the green Tyrol valleys and climbing the Spitzer steeps.

One September afternoon, when the captain's tour was drawing to a close, somewhere in the vicinity of Mont Blanc he fell in with a traveling party from New Orleans. It consisted of Madam Lenoir, her son and two daughters and a young American lady who was her companion and interpreter.

Captain Rutherford found madam a charming woman, and while the young persons of the party busied themselves in spreading out a colation under the trees he lay amid the long, rustling grasses listening to madam's pretty feminine chatter and in his turn relating incidents and reminiscences of his own war experience for her edification.

Among other things he told her of Dapple and of his midnight ride among the blue hills of old Virginia.

Madam was intensely interested. "And the gallant little pony carried you safely through?" she cried, with beaming eyes.

"Safely through, madam, with the enemy at my very heels," replied the captain.

"Miss Moreton," cried madam, "will you have the kindness to pass the claret cup? And, pray, Captain Rutherford, whatever became of Dapple?"

The captain raised himself to a sitting posture. "Dapple, Dapple," he called. "Come here!"

From the forest shadows near at hand a small gray mountain pony came ambling forth. Madam Lenoir's companion, advancing with the claret cup in her slim white hand, uttered a sharp little cry and wasted all the luscious liquor on the rustling leaves at her feet.

"Oh, Dapple, Dapple!" she cried. Dapple heard the sweet voice and knew it in an instant. He broke into a joyous neigh and shot like an arrow for the young lady's side. She caught his shaggy head and held it close to her bosom, sobbing like the silly child she was.

"Oh, Dapple, my pretty Dapple, have I found you at last?"

Madam Lenoir, comprehending the denouement, looked on with glistening eyes.

Two weeks later the pleasant party was breaking up. Madam and her party were going back to France.

"And now, Irene," said the captain, "how is it to be? You will not listen to my suit or accept my love? Then you will be forced to part from Dapple again. She is mine by the right of possession. I cannot give her up. Come, now, give your final decision—are you willing to part from me and Dapple forever?"

Irene looked up with her old, glorifying smile.

"I could bear to part from you," she said wickedly, "but never again from Dapple. If you take Dapple, you will have to take her mistress, too, Captain Rutherford."

And the captain made no objection. A month later saw Dapple's mistress his wife.

Elm Leaved Goldenrod.

It is well known that when a plant grows in shady places it is likely to have a greater leaf area than when it grows in the open sunshine. It must have a larger surface to collect the light when the latter is comparatively dim. Now, most of the goldenrods live in the open fields, having rather narrow leaves, but the exquisite elm leaved goldenrod lives in woods and copes, where the shadows are thick and direct sunshine is a fleeting thing. And so we find that this species has the broad, thin leaves of a shade plant—leaves with well developed stems, but otherwise so similar to those of the elm tree as to give this goldenrod its distinctive name. But it gives a touch of color to the somber shades of the woods that we would not willingly do without.—Woman's Home Companion.

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PRESIDENT.

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LIABILITIES.....80,748,046 91
SURPLUS.....6,710,842 21

Mutual Benefit Policies

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Stephen S. Day,

District Agent
776 Broad St., Newark.

ORDINANCE.

AN ORDINANCE PROVIDING FOR THE ERECTION AND PURCHASE OF BUILDINGS SUITABLE FOR THE USE OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT OF THE TOWN OF BLOOMFIELD AND OTHER MUNICIPAL PURPOSES, AND THE PURCHASE OF LAND WHEREON TO ERECT THREE OF SAID BUILDINGS.

The Council of the Town of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex, do ordain as follows:

Section 1. There shall be purchased at the best price for which the same can be obtained three lots or parcels of land in the Town of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex, suitable for the purpose of erection on each of said lots a suitable building for the use of several of the Fire Companies of the Fire Department of the Town of Bloomfield.

Section 2. One of the said lots or parcels of land to be situated in the vicinity of the intersection of Bloomfield Avenue and Broad Street, one of said lots or parcels of land to be situated in the vicinity of the Lackawanna Railroad Depot at said intersection, and one of said lots or parcels of land to be situated in that section of the said town known as the Montgomery district. That there shall also be purchased for the best price for which the same can be obtained the house and lot or parcel of land on which the same is erected, and now occupied and owned by Excelsior Hose Company No. 3, being situated on Broad Street, at the corner of James Street, in said town.

Section 3. There shall be erected upon the lot first named in Section One of this Ordinance a suitable building for the joint use of said three fire companies, and on the lot secondly named in said Section One, a suitable building for the use of Active Hose Company No. 3; and on the lot thirdly named in said Section One, a suitable building for the use of Montgomery Hose Company No. 4; that the house and the lot or parcel of land on which the same is erected, and lastly named in said Section One, shall be for the use of Excelsior Hose Company No. 3, and that the said several buildings and the lots on which the said said buildings are to be erected, or already erected, to be used for such other municipal purposes as the Council may by resolution determine. The aggregate cost of such buildings and lots or parcels of land shall not exceed the sum of twenty five thousand dollars.

Section 4. That the Fire Committee of the Town Council be and they are hereby authorized to solicit a competent architect or architect to furnish suitable plans, specifications and estimates of the cost for the erection and purchase of the said buildings, and report the same to the Council with their recommendations for approval. Any subsequent proceedings in relation to the erection of three of said buildings and the purchase of one of said buildings to be as may be hereafter authorized by resolution of the Town Council.

Section 5. The Fire Committee are hereby authorized to negotiate for the purchase of such lots or parcels of land, also said house and lot or parcel of land on which the same is now occupied and owned by Excelsior Hose Company No. 3, for the purposes herein specified.

Section 6. The necessary cost and expenses to be incurred to carry the provisions of this Ordinance into effect shall be met by the issue of bonds of the Town of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex, to bear interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, the entire principal indebtedness to be paid in the year 1904, under and by virtue of an act of the Legislature of the State of New Jersey, entitled "An Act to authorize the erection of engine houses and buildings for the protection of fire apparatus and for other municipal purposes in towns of this State, and the purchase of lands whereon to erect said buildings," approved March 4, 1900, and the amendments thereto.

Ordinance adopted March 7, 1904.
GEORGE PETERSON,
Chairman Town Council.

Attest: WM. L. JOHNSON,
Town Clerk.

Free Portraits.

If you buy \$10 worth of goods of us as one time or in various small amounts to make up that sum and loan us a clear photograph we will reproduce it free of cost to you.

Frames are extra, but at the option of the buyer. The pictures look all right, even without frames.

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HAHNE & CO.

Broad, New and Halsey Streets, Newark.

Free Exhibition

of Anderson's wonderful painting, the "Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone," with 12 different glorious day and night effects, on view daily in Amusement Hall, second floor, from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M., and Saturday evenings. No admission fee is charged.

Fine Easter Outergarments

For Women, Misses and Children.

THE many decided changes in fashion make our nineteen hundred and four Spring Exhibition of Street and Evening Costumes more interesting than any similar event of the last five years has accomplished.

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High Art Perfection of Weave, Tone and Finish.

OUR Silk Store is a marvel of beauty always, but especially so with this immediate display purchased for our great Spring and Easter Trade. Every worthy weave, eminent design and pleasing color tone, speaks to you in its own eloquent way as you view it.

Exquisite Easter Millinery

For Women, Misses and Children.

WE have an almost bewildering variety of Spring Hats, and among the hundreds of beautiful choice creations you will find scarcely two alike. Every hat is different from any other hat you ever saw.

Spring Dress Goods.

The Newest and Best Fabrics Approved by Correct Fashion.

WE will show you more and better styles for Spring than any other two Newark stores ever exhibited so early in the season. They are the swellest and prettiest of the new fancies. We searched long and hard to get right ones, and we got them.

SILKS.

Printed Warp Louisines and Embroidered Taffetas, the latest creations for Spring and Summer wear, exclusive styles for Newark, from 1.25 up 2.25 to, per yard..... 2.25

Satin Foulards—The latest Jacquard weaves, all the new and desirable styles and wanted colorings, all confined to styles for Newark, at per yard..... 1.25

Foulards—In plain twill and satin finish, all small, neat designs and dots on blue, castor, sage, cadet, jasper and black grounds, all confined styles for Newark, at per yard..... 1.00

Natural Pongee—24 inches wide, all silk, for shirt waist suits or automobile coats, three exceptional numbers, 85c at per yard, 69c, 75c and..... 85c

Fancy Brocaded Taffet—Neat designs, also stripes and dots, very desirable for shirt waist suits, all colors, black, navy, reeds, brown, myrtle, blue, green and porcelain, at per yard..... 75c

Imported Messaline Silk—In black and white, also black and white Louis, also exceptional quality for dress or waist wear, at per yard..... 69c

Fashion Silk—The new soft fabric with Messaline finish, all silk, for street or evening gowns, a complete line of colors, also black, at..... 69c

DRESS GOODS.

Crepe de Paris—42 inches wide, made of pure silk and wool, sheer, light and silky, drapes prettily, in champagne, French gray, tau, cream, etc., at..... 1.00

Black Pebble Cloth—Full 52 inches wide, strictly pure wool, firm and durable, hard finish and perfect black, at..... 75c

All-Wool Crepe Egypte—46 inches wide, a soft, clingy crepe finish, comes in all shades, for street and evening wear, exceptionally good values at 1.00. Special..... 75c

Cravenette and Rainproof Suitings, 54 and 56 inches wide, guaranteed to shed water, in gray, green, tau, mode, etc., just the thing for coats and tailored suits, regular prices 2.25 and 2.50, 2.00 at..... 2.00

Black Crepe Voile—46 inches wide, soft, light and sheer, guaranteed black, a cloth regularly worth 1.35, at..... 1.00

Black Chiffon Voile—Sheer, light and silky, it drapes prettily, made from pure Australian wool, guaranteed black, prices 1.25, 1.50 and..... 1.75

Black and White Fancy Mohairs, British Hosiery—38 to 46 inches wide, including plain stripes, neat effects; also Jacquard weaves, beautiful, bright and silky, prices 50c, 59c, 85c, 1.25, 1.00 and..... 1.25

WASH FABRICS.

White Goods—White Mercerized Figured Piques, White Persian Lawn (sheer wide), White India Linens, 40 inches wide; White Organdies, Batiste and Mulls.

On Special Sale—3,500 yards Dainty White Dotted Swisses, with lace stripes, superfine quality, regular 29c value, per yard at..... 16c

Wash Fabrics—Fancy Mercerized waistics, basket weaves; Linen Suitings, plain Paris weaves; Knicker Suitings, neat effects; Voile Suitings, plain solid colors; Voile Suitings, sub and damask effects; Anderson's Chamois, Madras and Linens and many others.

On Special Sale—3,500 yards Superfine 27-inch Voiles, all the new Spring shades, regular 18c per yard 12c quality, at..... 12c

The "Bonnet" Black Silks—These silks are famous the world over and are positively the best and cheapest of all reliable black silks. The Bonnet Black Silks are lustrous, true-frou, pure dye and perfect weave.

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NOTICE.
NOTICE TO OBJECTORS:

The map and report of the Board of Assessors of the assessment fixed by them for building and constructing a sewer in Grove Street, in the town of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey, have been filed in the Bloomfield National Bank Building at Bloomfield, in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey, to consider such objections.

Objections in writing to said report, map and assessment shall be filed with the Town Clerk on or before Monday evening, March 4, 1904, at eight o'clock, at which time the Town Council will meet in the Council Chamber in the Bloomfield National Bank Building at Bloomfield, in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey, to consider such objections.

Dated, BLOOMFIELD, N. J., February 9, 1904.
WM. L. JOHNSON,
Town Clerk.

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Portrait of a man, likely a historical figure or a person of local significance.